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Hope College

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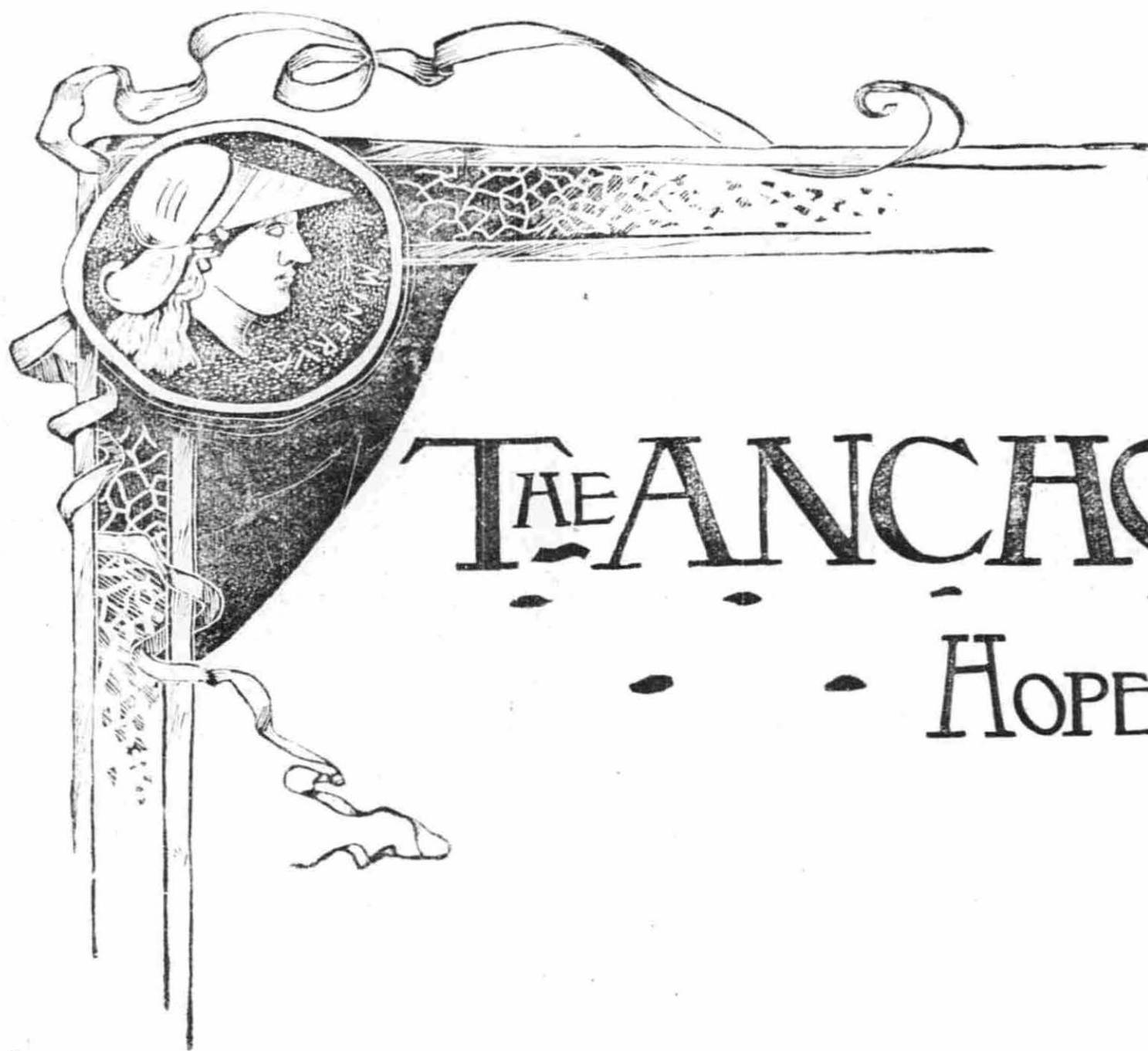
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# THE ANCHOR.

## HOPE-COLLEGE

### CONTENTS:

EDITORIAL.	Page.
Elevating Thoughts.....	22
Ideals.....	22
Our School System.....	23
LITERARY.	Page.
Columbus Epitaph.....	23
Hope's Knickerbockers.....	25
Our Walk to the Head.....	26

LITERATURE.	Page.
The Student's Relation to Foreign Missions.....	27
The Abuse of Books.....	29
EXCHANGES.....	30
BOOKS AND PERIODICALS.....	31
COLLEGE NEWS.....	31
PERSONAL AND ALUMNI.....	32



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# THE ANCHOR.

"Spera in Deo." PS. XLIII: 5.

VOLUME VI.

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### COLLEGE SOCIETIES, ETC.

ELFIUS CLUB, (Dutch) meets every Monday evening at 7  
o'clock in V. V. H.  
President, Henry Bruins.  
Secretary, Gerrit Elkkema.

MELIPHONE SOCIETY, meets every Monday evening at 7  
o'clock in Grammar School building.  
President, J. De Jongh.  
Secretary, J. J. Banninga.

PRAYER MEETING, every Tuesday evening at 7 o'clock, in  
G. S. B. All are welcome.

FRATERNAL SOCIETY, meets Wednesday evenings at 7 o'clock  
in council rooms.

THE SORORAL SOCIETY, meets alternate Monday evenings at 7  
o'clock.  
President, Miss Christle Holkeboer.  
Secretary, Miss Alie Pieters.

Y. M. C. A., meeting every Thursday evening at 7 o'clock, in G.  
S. B.  
President, J. L. De Jong.  
Secretary, Ben. Hoffman.

EUPHONIAN ORCHESTRA, meets every Friday at 1:30 o'clock.  
Director, P. Swart.

COSMOPOLITAN SOCIETY, meets every Friday evening at 7  
o'clock.  
President, J. W. Te Paske.  
Secretary, Gerrit Elkkema.

HOPE LITERARY SOCIETY, meets Saturday Evenings.  
PRAYER MEETING OF GRAMMAR SCHOOL, every Friday  
evening at 7 o'clock.

GERMAN CLUB, meets Saturday evenings at 7 o'clock.  
THE COLLEGE LIBRARY is open every Tuesday and Friday  
afternoon at 1 o'clock. Free reading room.

President Harrison has the sincere sym-  
pathies of the nation in the death of his cultur-  
ed, Christian wife.

Mr. Mc Bride, in THE ANCHOR for October,  
wrote "assured," somehow it reads "assumed."  
Our readers may rest assured, however, that  
when his conditions are met the welfare of  
Hope will have passed the state where it can  
be assumed.

The rapid but steady and substantial growth  
of this city is gratifying to all whether prop-  
erty owners or permanent residents or not.  
With numbers and wealth advantages of every  
sort will increase. Few indeed are the cities  
of 5000 having so little actual want, so many  
happy homes, or such bright prospects, as  
Holland.

And now Tennyson follows Whittier! Who  
now shall ascertain and tell the people's needs  
and rights? Who now our wrongs and sorrows  
feel and sing us words of love and cheer? Who  
teach us faith and courage in the Right, and  
give their words a ten-fold power by lives that  
correspond therewith?

'Tis hardly in the student not to welcome  
the holiday or even the "free hour," tho it con-  
tain but forty-five minutes. However, as the  
mind can never be stored or trained in the  
moments that have passed, it behooves us  
to improve the "golden hours, each set with  
sixty diamond minutes" afforded by the oc-  
casional, inevitable break in the regular work.  
So may the seeming curse be made a blessing  
indeed.

The laying of the corner stone of Graves  
Library Building means more than the early fru-  
ition of a building which has long been needed;  
it assures us that the time is drawing near and  
nearer when HOPE COLLEGE will not be obliged  
to apologize for her buildings and equipment  
in the very breath in which she justly boasts  
of her instruction and influence. This new



building, grand and imposing as it will be, ought to rejoice us more as a *herald* than as a *building*.

\*\*\*

There will always be clouds enough to make the sunshine agreeable, and sometimes the time to mourn is all but simultaneous with the time to laugh, so quickly it succeeds. Thus while we rejoice at the increasing usefulness of higher schools we cannot but deplore the easy prey which many good minds and bright prospects fall to "business courses" and other "savings" of time in "fitting" for life. Knowledge is much the smaller half of an "education;" and of all the "useless" things of the ordinary college course none is so useless as the attempt to do the *work* or get the *growth* of six to ten years in as many weeks or months. The business course may enable one to do rapid, accurate, neat work at the accountant's desk but these accomplishments afford the mind little power and less breadth, and too often but tend to make their possessor more insensible to the men and measures about him. "Education is a growth;" growth requires time.

\*\*\*

Whoever first suggested the school celebration of Columbus Day builded far better than he knew; for as was well observed in the first recitation at the church, whatever may be the work of higher institutions of learning "the public school fits the great mass of our people for citizenship." Even the youngest of the thousands of happy children who, flag in hand, marched thro the cities of this land will soon be grown and "mix with action;" and the impressions of Columbus Day will not only remain with them but will lead them to study the character and environment of that great man; and to emulate the virtues which made him great and greatly honored. Then shall they rebuke the "large professions and little deeds" of their money-getting sires who LICENSE (permit for cash) the saloon, the brothel and the gambling den; but will not "hear the children weeping Ere the sorrow comes with years." We shudder at the cupidity and cowardice of the "practical men" of to-day—but who that considers the "army of Liliputians" can despair?

#### ELEVATING THOUGHTS.

By many it has been found an excellent practice to commit to memory some thought to bear in mind thro the day and reflect upon.

The amount of good influence from this source is often surprising. We cannot entirely give our attention to thoughts that are trivial or mean with good and noble words ringing in our ears.

In many homes of our land gossip is left almost untouched and higher and more important matters are discussed. There are others in which the members are mere machines, eating, drinking, sleeping and working to earn money, while the life, the uplifting principle is lacking.

However insignificant a person may deem himself he can do *his* part toward bringing the sunshine of a better and broader life into his surroundings. The mere habit of thinking right thoughts and not gossiping or talking on all manner of nonsensical subjects that can never benefit self or companions, this habit will, if persisted in, be like the opening of a window in a close and stifling room. The atmosphere of our thoughts as well as that which we breath becomes foul if kept too long from refining influences. Open the windows, then, and take the works, lives and thoughts of your brother men into your own and thus enable yourself to exert a more refining influence.

#### IDEALS.

Our lives are greatly influenced by the ideals we cherish. We refer not to the dreamy reveries and day-dreams that some are wrapt up in, for these are fruitless and puerile; but to those masculine conceptions which a strong and wise man hastens to perpetuate by embodying in solid matter. To this impulse are due all the excellence and beauty that are exhibited in the works of art.

The sculptor beholds an image in the yet un-hewn marble. With chisel and mallet he chips the rough block till the image assumes its own fair form and stands before us—the sculptor's thought wrought in stone. So also, standing amid brick and mortar and piles of granite, the builder already sees them a temple with lofty walls and chiselled arches tho as yet not one stone is laid upon the other. Skilled in his craft he rears a massive fabric that men look on to admire and approach unto for worship. That fabric is the builder's idea worked out.

Ideals are more than friends. We entertain a friend in our house. With him we converse and spend a pleasant hour and he departs. But ideals are always present to influence, reaching out to the minutest details of our life, entering its very dreams and giving color

to its fancies. These at last become visible products when they bud in conduct and blossom in action. Worthy ideals crystallize in heroic deeds, in unsullied literary products, in the utterance of healthful sentiments to the world at large.

#### OUR SCHOOL SYSTEM.

"Our public school system is the grandest and best in the world, the pride of our past and the hope of our future," and effusions of similar import are frequently seen in public speeches and writings, so often indeed as to create the suspicion that everyone does not see their truth.

If it is true our future is fraught with many dangers. An institution under the direct central and debasing influence of corrupt local and city politics, an institution deprived of the last vestige of religion, an institution that seeks the incentive to moral life and action in mere public approval or disapproval, an institution that throws the children of strict, respectable parents together in daily close contact with the children of drunkards and criminals from the slums of our cities, children grown up in and fed as it were from youth with all kinds of vice, and places over them teachers that may be everything except positively bad so long they have a certificate, an institution that, notwithstanding its boasted superiority, has failed to reduce the percentage of illiteracy as much as other nations, — such an institution they would have us believe is the hope of our future! Of course this is only the dark side of the question. But does it possess any excellences that are impossible with private, sectarian or denominational schools? In a country where there is such practical unanimity, as there nearly prevailed in the beginning of our history, as to what constitutes a child's education, our present would be an ideal system, but now it seems to us that it is a monstrosity, an injustice.

Much rather would we make the hope of our country's future the rapidly increasing number of magnificent denominational institutions of learning, the correcting influence of the church, and the restless spirit of the religious part of our nation as it awakens to a sense of its duty and danger. Many are frightened by the statement that in re-establishing private schools we go back to the civilization of a hundred years ago. But we must remember that the same spirit which gave life to our

present system, still lives and would not, could not, even for an instant, tolerate anything but the highest, most liberal education.

The Netherlands at least fare swell with this so called eighteenth century civilization. Ever since it introduced its private schools with unselfish, nay self-sacrificing devotion in the shadow of the state schools in every town, village, and hamlet, it has experienced a revival of healthy, sturdy religious and national life such as had not coursed thro its arteries since the glorious days of the Reformation. It were well for us not unthinkingly to condemn too harshly as ignorant and unpatriotic the many thousands who to-day object to the enactment of any school law.

#### COLUMBUS.

BY ALFRED TENNYSON.

Chains, my good lord! in your raised brows I read  
Some wonder at our chamber ornaments.  
We brought this iron from our isles of gold.

Does the king know you deign to visit him  
Whom once he rose from off his throne to greet  
Before his people like his brother king?  
I saw your face that morning in the crowd.

At Barcelona—tho you were not then  
So bearded. Yes. The city decked herself  
To meet me, roar'd my name: the king, the queen  
Bade me be seated, speak, and tell them all  
The story of my voyage, and while I spoke  
The crowd's roar fell as at the Peace be still!

And when I ceased to speak, the king, the queen,  
Sank from their thrones, and melted into tears.  
And knelt, and lifted hand and heart and voice  
In praise to God who led me thro the waste.  
And then the great "Laudamus" rose to heaven.

Chains for the Admiral of the Ocean! chains  
For him who gave a new heaven, a new earth,  
As holy John had prophesied of me.  
Gave glory and more empire to the kings  
Of Spain than all their battles! chains for him  
Who pushed his prow into the setting sun,  
And made West East, and sail'd the Dragons mouth,  
And came upon the Mountain of the World,  
And saw the rivers roll from Paradise!

Chains! we are Admirals of the Ocean, we  
We and our sons forever, Ferdinand  
Hath sign'd it and our Holy Catholic queen—  
Of the Ocean—of the Indies—Admirals we—  
Our title, which we never mean to yield,  
Our guerdon not alone for what we did,  
But our amends for all we might have done—  
The vast occasions of our stronger life—  
Eighteen long years of waste, seven in your Spain,  
Lost, showing courts and kings a truth the babe  
Will suck in with his milk hereafter—A sphere.

Were you at Salamanca? No.  
We fronted there the learning of all Spain,  
All their cosmogonies, their astronomies:  
Guess-work they guess'd it, but the golden guess  
Is morning-star to the full round of truth.  
No guess-work! I was certain of my goal:  
Some thought it heresy: that would not hold.  
King David call'd the heavens a hide, a tent  
Spread over earth, and so this earth was flat:  
Some cited old Lactantius: could it be  
That trees grew downward, rain fell upward, men  
Walk'd like the fly on ceilings? and besides,  
The great Augustine wrote that none could breathe



Within the zone of heat; so might there be  
Two Adams, two mankinds, and that was clean  
Against God's word; thus was I beaten back  
And chiefly to my sorrow by the church.  
And thought to turn my face from Spain, appeal  
Once more to France or England; but our Queen  
Recall'd me, for at last their Highnesses  
Were half-assured this earth might be a sphere.  
All glory to the all-blessed Trinity.  
All glory to the mother of our Lord,  
And Holy Church, from whom I never swerved  
Not even by one hair's-breadth of heresy.  
I have accomplish'd what I came to do.  
Not yet—not all—last night a dream—I sail'd  
On my first voyage, harass'd by the frights  
Of my first crew, their curses and their groans.  
The great flame-bearer borne by Teneriffe,  
The compass, like an old friend false at last  
In our most need, appall'd them, and the wind  
Still westward, and the weedy seas—at length  
The landbird, and the branch with berries on it,  
The carven staff—and last the light, the light  
On Guanahani! but I changed the name;  
San Salvador I call'd it; and the light  
Grew as I gazed, and brought out a broad sky  
Of dawning over—not those alien palms  
The marvel of that fair new nature—  
That Indian isle, but our most ancient East  
Moriah with Jerusalem; and I saw  
The glory of the Lord flash up, and beat  
Thro' all the homely town from jasper, sapphire,  
Chalcedony, emerald, sardonyx, sardius,  
Chrysolite, beryl, topaz, chrysoprase,  
Jacinth, and amethyst—and those twelve gates,  
Pearl—and I woke, and thought—death—shall I die—  
I am written in the Lamb's own Book of Life.  
To walk within the glory of the Lord  
Sunless and moonless, utter light—but no!  
The Lord had sent this bright, strange dream to me  
To mind me of the secret vow I made  
When Spain was waging war against the Moor—  
I strove myself with Spain against the Moor.  
There came two voices from the Sepulchre,  
Two friars crying that if Spain should oust  
The Moslem from her limit, he, the fierce  
Soldan of Egypt, would break down and rage  
The blessed tomb of Christ; whereon I vow'd  
That, if our Princes harken'd to my prayer,  
Whatever wealth I brought from that new world  
Should, in this old, be consecrate to lead  
A new crusade against the Saracen,  
And free the Holy Sepulchre from thrall.  
Gold? I had brought your Princes gold enough  
If left alone! Being but a Genovese,  
I am handled worse than had I been a Moor,  
And breach'd the belting wall of Cambalu,  
And given the Great Khan's palaces to the Moor.  
Or clutch'd the sacred crown of Prester John,  
And cast it to the Moor: but *had* I brought  
From Solomon's now-recovered Ophir all  
The gold that Solomon's navies carried home  
Would that have gilded me? Blue blood of Spain,  
Tho' quartering your own royal arms of Spain,  
I have not: blue blood and black blood of Spain,  
The noble and the convict of Castile  
How'd me from Hispaniola; for you know  
The flies at home, that ever swarm about  
And cloud the highest heads, and murmur down  
Truth in the distance—these out-buzz'd me so  
That even our prudent king, our righteous queen—  
I pray'd them being so calumniated  
They would commission one of weight and worth  
To judge between my slander'd self and me—  
Fonseca my main enemy at their court.  
They send me out *his* tool, Bovadilla, one  
As ignorant and impolitic as a beast—  
Blockish irreverence, brainless greed—who suck'd  
My dwelling, seized my papers, loosed  
My captives, fed the rebels of the crown,  
Sold the crown-farms for all but nothing, gave  
All but free leave for all to work the mines,

Drove me and my good brothers home in chains,  
And gathering ruthless gold—a single piece  
Weigh'd nigh four thousand Castillanos—so  
They tell me—weigh'd him down into the abyss  
The hurricane of the latitude on him fell,  
The seas of our discovering over-rolled  
Him and his gold; the frailer caravel,  
With what was mine, came happily to the shore.  
There was a glimmering of God's hand.  
And God hath more than glimmered on me,  
O my Lord I swear to you I heard his voice between  
The thunders in the black Veragua nights.  
O soul of little faith, slow to believe!  
Have I not been about thee from thy birth?  
Given thee the keys of the great Ocean-sea?  
Set thee in light till time shall be no more?  
Is it I who have deceived thee or the world?  
Endure! thou hast done so well for men, that men  
Cry out against thee: was it otherwise  
With mine own Son?  
And more than once in days  
Of doubt and cloud and storm, when drowning hope  
Sank all but out of sight, I heard his voice,  
Be not cast down. I lead thee by the hand,  
Fear not. And I shall hear his voice again—  
I know that he has led me all my life.  
I am not yet too old to work his will—His voice again,  
Still for all that, my lord,  
I lying here bedridden and alone,  
Cast off, put by, scouted by court and king,  
The first discoverer starves—his followers, all  
Flower into fortune—our world's way—and I,  
Without a roof that I can call mine own,  
With scarce a coin to buy a meal withal,  
And seeing what a door for scoundrel scum  
I open'd to the West, thro' which the lust,  
Villany, violence, avarice, of your Spain  
Pour'd in on all those happy naked isles—  
Their kindly native princes slain or enslaved,  
Their wives and children Spanish concubines,  
Their innocent hospitalities quench'd in blood,  
Some dead of hunger, some beneath the scourge,  
Some over-labor'd, some by their own hands—  
Yea, the dear mothers, crazing Nature, kill  
Their babies at the breast for hate of Spain—  
Ah, God, the harmless people whom we found  
In Hispaniola's island—Paradise!  
Who took us for the very Gods from Heaven,  
And we have sent them very fiends from Hell:  
And I myself, myself not blameless, I  
Could sometimes wish I had never led the way.  
Only the ghost of our great Catholic Queen  
Smiles on me, saying, Be thou comforted!  
This creedless people will be brought to Christ  
And own the holy governance of Rome.  
But who could dream that we, who bore the Cross  
Thither, were excommunicated there,  
For curbing crimes that scandalized the Cross,  
By him, the Catalonian Minorite,  
Rome's Vicar in our Indies? who believe  
These hard memorials of our truth to Spain  
Clung closer to us for a longer term  
Than any friend of ours at Court? and yet  
Pardon—too harsh unjust, I am rack'd with pains,  
You see that I have hang them by my bed,  
And I will have them buried in my grave.  
Sir, in that flight of ages which are God's  
Own voice to justify the dead, perchance  
Spain once the most chivalric race on earth,  
Spain then the mightiest, wealthiest realm on earth,  
So made by me, may seek to unbury me,  
To lay me in some shrine of this old Spain,  
Or in that vaster Spain I leave to Spain.  
Then some one standing by my grave will say,  
Behold the bones of Christopher Colon—  
Ay, but the chains, what do they mean—the chains?—  
I sorrow for that kindly child of Spain,  
Who then will have to answer, These same chains  
Bound these same bones back thro' the Atlantic sea,  
Which he unchain'd for all the world to come!

O Queen of Heaven who the souls in Hell seest  
And purgatory, I suffer all as much  
As they do—for the moment—Stay, my son  
Is in prison: my son will speak for me  
Abler than I can in these spasms that grind  
Bone against bone. You will not. One last word.

Your more about the Court, I pray you tell  
King Ferdinand who plays with me, that one  
Whose life has been no play with him and his  
Hidalgos—shipwrecks, famines, fevers, fights,  
Mutinies, treacheries—wink'd at and condoned—  
That I am loyal to him till the death.  
And ready—tho' our Holy Catholic Queen,  
Who fain had pledged her jewels on my first voyage,  
Whose hope was mine to spread the Catholic faith,  
Who wept with me when I returned in chains,  
Who sits beside the blessed Virgin now,  
To whom I send my prayer by night and day—  
She is gone—but you will tell the King, that I,  
Rack'd as I am with gout, and wrenched with pains  
Gained in the service of His Highness, yet  
Am ready to sail forth on one last voyage,  
And reader, if the King would hear, to lead  
One last crusade against the Saracen,  
And save the Holy Sepulchre from thrall.  
Going? I am old and slighted: yet have dared  
Somewhat perhaps in coming? my poor thanks!  
I am but an alien and a Genovese.

#### Hope's Knickerbockers.

We wish to employ the present occasion to  
remind the readers of THE ANCHOR, the stu-  
dents of Hope College, and the public in gen-  
eral of an all-important fact—a fact which, we  
observed, was so fast disappearing from their  
notice that we felt it our duty to make men-  
tion of it before it was lost forever in the  
maws of oblivion.

Every student, no doubt, feels himself to  
be, and truly is, a thoro American; yet  
if we should trace their pedigree, we  
would in a few generations be within  
the "land of the dikes" across the  
sea—we would find many a one to be the de-  
scendant of some Dutch "Patriarch," who now  
serves as a tottering monument of the good  
old times."

It may perhaps be quite a startling revela-  
tion to some of our boys to learn that "*Neder-  
land's bloed door de aderen vloeit*;" for in this en-  
lightened age we are very apt to lose sight of  
this important fact: no one will deny, however,  
that there is many a "Knickerbocker" within  
these classic halls.

A single glance at the forms and features of  
these youths would fail to give us any distinct  
characteristics of the good, old, Dutch race;  
for in general appearance they do not differ  
materially from the rest of their college-mates.  
They have laid aside the "broad-brimmed hat,  
and the broad-shirted coat, and the broad-bot-  
tomed breeches, and the gigantic knee buckles"  
which adorned the figures of their venerable

ancestors. Yet they have not amalgamated  
with the children of this age so much, but that  
here and there we may discover a few traces of  
the "blue blood" still remaining.

Now, it is an undeniable fact that every na-  
tion has its own peculiar habits and customs;  
circumstances and environment may often sub-  
due, and sometimes almost eliminate them, but  
they will always leave their traces in the blood;  
and, as soon as the blood is aroused, it will  
bring to light these hidden properties. Such  
was the case with our "Knickerbockers."

The time-honored customs "that were in-  
separably connected with all the affairs, both  
public and private, of their revered ancestors"  
have lain dormant for several generations of  
student life. Occasionally we might meet an  
old "Patriarch's" son who bore the "trade mark"  
of his race, but he was the exception. Of late,  
however, a few of these customs have develop-  
ed remarkably, and the boys have once more  
come out to show their allegiance to "*vaderland  
en vorst*."

The Knickerbocker, be it known, is of a very  
practical and economical turn of mind; and, as  
day by day he was obliged to light his fire to  
keep out Jack Frost, the thought occurred to  
him that, like his mother and grandmother, he  
might utilize the heat for a double purpose—  
first, to make himself comfortable and second-  
ly to prepare some beverage to satisfy the  
thirst of the inner man. It is needless to say  
that the vote was given to that renowned drink,  
which greets every visitor upon his entrance in-  
to the Dutch family—coffee.

Here was the first step at Hope in the de-  
velopment of that great invention, "coffee-  
drinking," so universal among all Hollanders,  
at first it was indulged in by a very limited  
number, and that in secret; but the delicate  
aroma could not fail to reach the olfactory  
nerves of the neighbors and soon, like all epi-  
demics, the custom spread from room to room.

But when Van Houten invented his wonder-  
ful beverage, cocoa, it struck a sympathetic  
chord in every Dutchman's heart, Knickerbock-  
er was not slow in giving it a satisfactory trial.  
Since it is a drink highly conducive to health  
and more readily prepared, its adoption be-  
came quite general, until to-day there are many  
who exclaim "Blessings be upon the head of  
the Hollanders, Van Houten or whoever it was  
that invented cocoa!"

A third custom now began to manifest itself.  
It came very slowly, but surely. We refer to



that custom, which, in the days of the "Patriarchs," was considered a characteristic virtue of noble manhood—a habit which was born with the aborigines of this country and having made a circuit of the globe to-day again finds itself at its cradle (which may become its grave)—smoking. Secretly it was that the first Knickerbocker "smoked his silent pipe" and watched the smoke curling to the ceiling, carrying with it all the cares of his life. But "the fog" has been growing thicker, ever since until we almost look in vain for a "sun" to dispel it. As in the days of Irving, so within this territory, we find members of his two great parties—the *long pipes* and the *short pipes* and the fears have already been expressed that our worthy Knickerbockers "who smoke short pipes, may also become a lantern-jawed, smoke-dried, leathern-hided race." Of this third party, the Quids, those who chew tobacco, the number is fortunately very small.

It is needless to say that these habits exerted a powerful influence upon the lives of these youths. Each one can testify that they have been a great inspiration in his studies and deliberations. We will all remember how in the great Sophomore insurrection of 1891 the council was wont to meet in some *Klaasical* chamber and sit for hours smoking and watching the smoke curl from their pipes to the ceiling "as they were busied with their profound deliberations, and" it is somewhat quaintly said that this, like most other plots, seditions, and conspiracies, ended in mere smoke."

It is no uncommon thing to-day to meet a student with a *Homer* or a *Cicero* in one hand and cup of cocoa or coffee in the other and we doubt not but that the brilliant recitations in said studies must be largely ascribed to the inspiration derived from that noted beverage.

And so we might continue, showing how these venerable customs have influenced the common-wealth of Hope; but we will content ourselves for the present with recording them as facts in history, so that future historians may derive valuable information from this source.

JOHN L. DE JONG '93.

#### The Delights and Glories of a Country Road; or Our Walk to School.

It was a bright June morning. The birds were singing sweetly. The air was filled with perfume from the flowers. My brother and

I started for school. We walked on talking gaily, stopping every now and then to chase butterflies, but never catching any. The grass was full of sparkling dew drops and looked bright and pretty.

At last we came to a sweet brier bush in blossom and stopped to pick some sweet brier roses. We wandered on slowly for quite a while wishing there was no such thing as a school, and thinking ourselves very much abused because we had to go to one.

We found the day growing very warm and we stopped to rest in the shade of a beech-nut tree on a mound we called the cat's back because it was shaped like a cat. It was near a little creek. We sat in silence for a little while fanning our flushed faces, enjoying the shade and gazing at the green fields beyond.

All at once my brother exclaimed: "Oh! see that old frog croaking there. Let's throw a stick at him and see if we can't make him shut up." We went to the creek and picked up some stones. Just then a fly lighted on a blade of grass near by. The frog put out his tongue and—good-by Mr. Fly. We espied a turtle lounging on a log near by and thought we would wake the lazy fellow. So we poked him with a stick and made him angry. At last he rolled into the water and put an end to our fun. Then we turned our attention to the polly-wogs, they looked so comical with their big bodies and little tails. When we were tired of that we tried to catch the little fish that were darting to and fro in the creek with the covers of our dinnerpails but did not succeed.

All at once a little water snake glided by and it being the first snake we had seen that season we thought we would kill it and we wouldn't have any enemies during the year. So we killed the poor little creature. After laying it on the road to be ridden flat we picked some violets and spring beauties and sat down on a log to make wreaths. One of a neighbor's boys passed to get something from a field beyond. A few minutes after he came back and I suppose he thought we ought to be going to school for he said "ben je van plan om die log nog door te zitten van dag?" This did not disturb us in the least. We told him we'd try and kept on arranging our flowers. Just then the school bell rang and we started on a run towards school and arrived there hot and panting. Our teacher said: "You naughty children. You're fifteen minutes late.

What must I do with you?"

Oh! Miss L.—, we're so sorry? Please take these flowers. We picked them all for you. Miss L.— being very good-natured said: "Well, I think I'll have to excuse you this time but never do it again." "No'm," and we went to our seats feeling very happy.

SARA VAN DER MEULEN, C class.

#### The Student's Relation to Foreign Missions.

[We are glad to publish a part of Mr. Vander Ploeg's address to the members of the Y. M. C. A., as all who heard it will wish to refer to it again and again. Some of the better portions of the address were not written out.—Ed.]

The aim of study is to prepare for usefulness. The best way to prepare for usefulness is to be useful, and that student who has the broadest and most unselfish idea of making himself useful will be most earnest in preparing himself. To do this, a student can not keep from contact with the world outside of his circle; nor shut his eyes to the actual condition of the society by which he is surrounded. To prepare for usefulness he must know the various spheres in which he may afterward act a wholesome part. And the farther his horizon extends, the better he is enabled to see the great need of thoro' preparation. Our subject viewed in this light we need not ask whether any relation exists between the student and foreign Missionary work. This we take for granted. But there are other considerations. We may freely assert that no other class of men is so closely related to this work as the Christian students. No others are in as good a position to study and meet problems in regard to it. He, if any, is to sustain a part in direct work relative to these problems.

It is from the rank of Christain students that light-bearers are to go forth into the remotest fields, among the most benighted. This is the relation which the Christain student whoever he be, ought to recognize as *his* with regard to this great work. As Christian students this relation is equally binding upon us all, because we are *Christians*. During our college course our relations toward God's kingdom on earth are the same. We ought all to hold our object in life subject to the will of God. This is often, too often, and by too many, denied—if not in word surely in deed.

Paying attention to mission matters is left to the so-called volunteers or to those specially interested. We ought all to be specially interested in mission work because we are Christians and it is their special work by special com-

mand. The argument that a student should stick closely to the studies on hand should certainly be heeded, but if it debars him from performing his most sacred duties as a Christain, he pays too great a price. Again, all Christian students bear the same relation to this work because they are *students*. The very task of a student brings him nearer to this work. True there may be other vocations which are suggestive of mission work, but that of a student particularly so; mission work is mental work and a student's labor, mental labor. The study of the geography of the different countries, and of the history and the literature of the various nations, brings to our attention the difference in their condition and suggests the cause for this difference. Moreover the student is often brought face to face with the importance of mission work. It is known to none of us where God has fixed our place of work, or in what capacity we are to serve Him. This we know that the main object of our existence is to do our part in the extension of God's kingdom. We ought to be as willing to perform our part, 3,000 miles away from home, as 300 miles. To presuppose that America is our field of labor and that in it we can choose indifferently to go either east or west, whether to New York or the Dakotas, can hardly be right when Christ says, "The field is the world." To think that a special call is needed to go to Japan or Africa, but that we can suit ourselves whether to go to New Jersey or Kansas is giving too much weight to our opinion. But this needs no further argument. Toward the Christian youth that are to day thronging the classic halls, upon you and me, is turned the expectant eye of the Christian church to enlarge her borders beyond Jerusalem; to the studying young men and young women throughout all Christendom, including you and me, do the ends of the earth look forward and upon our efforts depends the hope of a now perishing world; upon the privileged throng in which we have a place, is fixed the eye of Him, who has said, "Of him that received much, much shall be required;" to us comes with double force and meaning his last command; "Go ye into all the world, preach the Gospel; heal the sick; proclaim righteousness and judgment. The greater our privileges the greater our responsibilities. Well may we consider this in respect to Foreign Mission work. But one may ask: Should all students then be urged to go to the foreign field? This question differs from the



one: Should all students work in the interest of Foreign Missions? To the latter question we would answer, yes, as much and wherever he can. And if he conscientiously does this the former question will solve itself. It will not hurt any student to hold himself disposable for the foreign field. He, who from the right motive is willing to go abroad to work in God's vineyard will not lag in the work at home. His usefulness will be increased. With the interest of foreign missions at heart, his prayers and efforts will extend to the very borders of God's kingdom.

Certainly such a spirit pervading the Christian student can not prove hurtful to him, even tho in after years God's providence assigns his field in the home land. Other things being equal a missionary spirit even to such an extent as to look forward to active work in the foreign field will be an additional impulse to work and labor and toil.

To erect the banner of salvation where never yet a glimpse of godly light was seen, to proclaim the glad tidings where Christ had never been preached, this was the motive which urged Paul to labor and toil, to despise danger and hardship, to endure stripes and persecution, to triumph in bonds. It was his glory thus to work for his Master. And did the church at home, so-called, suffer? Read the Acts and the Epistles and be convinced how the church at Jerusalem and throughout Palestine profited temporally and spiritually by the extension of the church abroad. It is a law which holds thro all Christendom that active mission work makes the church rich and strong. The cry which is raised in our day that there are too many heathen at home does not therefore alter our relation. Christ did not say: "convert all nations," but: "Bring the Gospel." It was Paul's method to go onward when in any place they would not heed his message after they understood the meaning. If in our day this method were pursued, the Christian church would not feel itself obliged to adopt all kinds of costly methods and some of even doubtful character to reach the wordly and indifferent Christian heathen. To-day there comes a call, a summons not from the Pres. of a nation, not from the despot of a mighty empire; it is the command of the King of kings, the Head of the church. It was issued centuries ago and has remained a standing proclamation throughout all these ages. But the response has been cold, sometimes sorely neglected. This call is to the

Christian church; it comes with force more intense than ever before, because the walls of Zion are in danger. The call is, Go ye, go quickly for the time is at hand. The kingdoms of this world have been opened and the agents of Satan are ready to take possession and lay additional shackles upon the souls already bound with adamant chains of his forging. That call comes to us, Christian students, whatever our purpose, whatever our talent. You read that call in the everlasting Word of God; you may hear it whispered at the door of your conscience; the signs of the times suggest it; struggling Japan speaks of it; progressive India demands it; the fallen wall of China proclaims it; it comes as a mighty roar from the inlands of Africa. Shall we heed the call? Or shall we take counsel with flesh and blood and say "it is cozier at home?" Shall we answer this mighty appeal by saying "they cannot spare us at home?"

If from these halls there should go forth one from each congregation represented, it would react tenfold upon the working force at home in devotion and self denial and Christian activity. The present condition of missionary enterprise is such that there is employment for all.

There is room for you who wish to serve God in this world as mechanics and civil engineers and agriculturalists. Already in many foreign lands industrial and agricultural schools have been established and the natives of other countries are eagerly waiting to receive the blessing of Christian progress. By bringing them these industries and teaching them the way to obtain these benefits, adding to the influence or your pursuit that of a Christian life,—who can tell what marvels God may work?

There is your field,—promising extensive, unhindered, unenvied,—who will go?

There is place for the Christian teacher. The peoples hitherto isolated but now in contact with other nations will feel more and more the need of acquiring knowledge. They become as hungry souls and will have education at any price. The question is who shall instruct them, and under what influence shall they be guided.

There is the place for the lawyer. Where is there greater need to plead the cause of the poor and oppressed than in heathen lands? Where are greater openings for administrative powers than in many of those countries and especially Africa? Would that our Christian advocates and statesmen might learn to hold their calling more subject to the demands and

needs of God's kingdom at large. There is the place for you who are aspiring to the calling of a physician. Go wherever you will, even in parts of Japan and India, and you find millions of suffering men and women the victims of the sorcerer's wand and the greed of the priest.

There you may wield a mighty influence for good both of body and soul. You may not be able to rear a fine mansion from the profits of drugs sold at 200 per cent profit, your name may not be mentioned in the great dailies, but grateful tribes will bear your name in praise to Him, who seeth in secret, and a mansion more glorious will await you above.

There is the place for the preacher of the Gospel. The lands of the world are open to all kinds of influences and their destinies are shaped by these influences. And shall the cross of Christ be wanting and the preaching of the glorious Gospel not act its part as a wholesome guide and restraint. Everything has its time in the world's history and in the development of the kingdom of Heaven. And now is the time to lift the world,—the waiting world without, to its rightful Owner.

The world demands it; the healthful growth of the Church demands it; God's Word demands it. The millions that now dwell in darkness who did not hear the glad tidings from the Christians who lived before, can not wait for those that come after us. Together with us they act their part; with us they pass away from the scene of life. In what condition shall death find them? That will depend upon how we as Christian students quit ourselves of our relation toward them.

Let us not treat this our responsibility lightly; let us not disregard it. Let us not consider that it is the Christian minister alone who receives his calling from God and not the Christian lawyer; that the Christian physician ought to hold his trust subject to the will of God as to his field of labor as much as the preacher of the Gospel; that the sphere of labor for the Christian teacher where he is to sow the seed of God's truth into youthful hearts is not beyond God's purpose; that a Christian mechanic needs to ask God's guidance where he is to use his art for the glory of God and the extension of His Kingdom.

H. VANDER PLOEG, '92.

Who learns but acts not what he knows,  
Is one who plows but never sows.

Elyas Tabules cure biliousness.

### The Abuse of Books.

It is hoped and expected that in 1893, one of the most valuable and choicest private libraries in the state of New York will be placed in the Graves Library Building for the use of Hope College, and those of the citizens of Holland who can appreciate such a privilege.

Perhaps it may be well to call the attention of students and citizens to the importance of learning how to enjoy, and to make the most profitable use of Mr. Graves' magnificent gift.

A lady of intelligence and culture, who reads, appreciates and loves good books, remarked to me not long since, that "people nowadays, do not seem to respect and care for books, as they used to formerly." The volumes of a public circulating library, for example, are very soon soiled, greasy and loosened in the binding, if not torn and mutilated. And we often see books which are evidently not well cared for by their owners or users; knocking about in odd corners in a deplorable state of filth and mutilation.

A very useful and proper addition to the course of teaching in our common and high schools, and in our colleges too, perhaps, would be to teach the pupils and students how to use books. Some of the teachers might, perhaps, need to take lessons in that direction themselves, before attempting to instruct others.

We will mention a few "Don'ts," to indicate some things which all who use books, may very properly learn *not* to do.

Don't lay your hand or hands on the open pages of a book. Don't hold it fast with one or both thumbs on the bottom of the open page. Don't moisten your thumb or finger in your mouth and then rub it over the open page to turn the leaf; just think what will soon be the condition of a book, after having the saliva of all its readers spread over its pages in this filthy manner! Don't ever mark a book (not your own) with pen or pencil; those who will abuse books which do not belong to them, by scribbling on the blank leaves, or on the margin of pages, ought to be forbidden to have or use them. Don't lay an open book face down, to keep your place while reading. Don't ever turn down a dog's ear to help you remember where you left off reading. Don't ever tear scraps or leaves from the blank pages of a book. Don't roll the leaves of a pamphlet or magazine around the back and grasp it with the hand and thumb to read it. BOOKLOVER.



## EXCHANGES.

"Hallway Gossip" in *University Herald* is excellent.

*The Helios* is a new exchange published at Grand Rapids.

"Between two evils some men choose both."—Ex.

The foolish and the dead alone never change their opinion.—*Abraham Lincoln*.

They call the bicycle "the devil's chariot" in Turkey and the Sultan forbids its use.—Ex.

*The Christian at Work* is doing a grand and godly work in keeping before Christians their duties as citizens.

Harvard employs 253 instructors. University of Pennsylvania 232, Columbia 220, Yale 153, Michigan 145.

"It is a lean pig that is always squealing. So also a lazy scholar that is always complaining."—*Lyceum Advocate*.

What an orphan our college yell is! Nobody wants it; very few know it.—*University Herald* (Ada, O.)

A DEFINITION.—Dumsquizzle: How would you define the word "crank," Skimgullet?

Skimgullet: A crank, my dear sir, is a specialist in something that you take no interest in.—Ex.

A Quaker's advice to his son on his wedding day: "When thee went a-courting, I told thee to keep thine eyes wide open. Now that thee is married, I tell thee to keep them half shut."

It is to the credit of the American people that the demand for Whittier's pure and sweet verse should have brought to its author, and now to the family, a net royalty of \$3,500 a year.—*Christian at Work*.

Prof. William Swinton, author of so many text books, who was born in Scotland, educated in Canada and taught in various parts of the United States, died Oct. 25; Mr. Swinton was also a war correspondent.

There are at Yale students from fifteen foreign countries. University of Pennsylvania has students enrolled from every state and territory in the Union, and from twenty-eight foreign countries.—*The Philosopher Review*.

Senator W. M. Evarts, referring to the time of the laying the first Atlantic cable, remarked: "Columbus said, 'Here is one world—let there be two;' but Cyrus W. Field said, 'Here are two worlds—let them be one.'"

One-third of the university students of Europe die prematurely from the effects of bad habits acquired at college, one-third die prematurely from the effects of close confinement at their studies, and the other third govern Europe.—Ex.

The college now has an attendance of 180 students, coming from all parts of the Union: Washington, Vermont, Alabama, New York, Indiana and Michigan.—*College Index* (Kalama-200.)

There are too many students who look upon the regular school work as a round of drudgery, and who are always eager for a holiday. They are of the class who go wild in chapel every time a holiday is suggested, and who frown upon the hard-working students who vote against them. School life is all too short, and in after life, not the holidays but the days of discipline and application will be remembered with the most satisfaction.—Ex.

There are two claims upon every college student that demand his recognition at all times—allegiance to his literary society and allegiance to his college paper. The one helps him to reduce to form what he has previously acquired in reading, recitation and study—gives him grace and ease of expression; the other represents him and his college abroad, and in after years is the link joining him with his scattered classmates. The student who does not support both has certainly not viewed these matters in their proper light.—Ed. in *University Herald*.

## Who Wrote Shakespeare?

*Hamlet* overheard *Julius Caesar* tell *King Lear* on the *Twelfth Night* after the *Tempest* that *Anthony* and *Cleopatra* had told *Coriolanus* that *Two Gentlemen of Verona* were the authors of Shakespeare's plays. *Lear* said "You may say it *As You Like It*, but I do not believe it, for I heard *Romeo and Juliet* say *Love's Labor* was *Lost* when *Troilus and Cressida* stole the *Comedy of Errors* and sold it to the *Merchant of Venice*, for forty bottles of old bourbon and a package of checks." *Timon of Athens* and *Cymbeline* were parties to the theft, and after drinking *Measure for Measure* with the *Merry Wives of Windsor* told *King John* all about it. *Richard III.*, a competent critic, said "Bacon could not write even a *Winter's Tale*," and *Henry IV.* says, "That settles it" so why so *Much Ado About Nothing*? *Othello* was busy conversing with the *III., V., and VI. Henrys*, and *Richard I.* was ab-

## COLLEGE NEWS.

Schaefer is still on the fence.

The B's have started a new literary society.

The Fraternals have ordered eighteen new chairs.

There will be a good lecture course again this winter.

A Democratic jollification, one of the things looked for in the near future.

That mourning of the B class is not on account of the *President's* defeat.

There are 14 dominie's sons in the C class; and still it's a good class.

Prof. Nykerk is now giving the theological students instruction in elocution.

Kooiker's school at East Saugatuck, is in a flourishing condition—is it not Heeren?

The Chapel music is much improved since the piano appeared. Cause and effect again.

Election returns were like the regular returns of some of the Van Vleekers—a little late.

Water still seeks its level, but those pesky eggs will not go into a bottle—will they J-L-?

The Library Building rises stone by stone and begins to assume quite an attractive appearance.

Hope church Y. P. S. C. E. gave a social to which the C. E. societies of the different churches were invited, Nov. 4. It was a success.

It would not be unwise to prop the foundations of old Van Vleck as in the recent high winds she rocked and shook alarmingly.

A number of the boys were interested enough to stay up all night to get the first returns of the recent state and national elections.

Miedema, Huizinga and and Te Winkle will, in the near future, answer the questions, Why I am a Democrat, Why I am a Prohibitionist, Why I am a Republican, to a crowded chapel, we trust.

Owing to rain and a high wind, the social of the W. C. T. U., held recently, was but meagrely attended. The guests did not object, however, it was happily a time of little crowd, more cake.

The elements thinned the W. C. T. U. social but that ride was a go. Tariff encouragement is unnecessary when there is electricity and abundant raw material.

The meliphone has grown so rapidly of late

sent *Taming the Shrew*, so I could get no further information as to who wrote Shakespeare, but, *All's Well that Ends Well*.—Ex.

It is impossible to find friends who are equally responsive and sympathetic at all times.—Ex.

The man who has the courage to fail in trying to do right, rather than succeed in wrong, is the real hero.—Ex.

## BOOKS AND PERIODICALS.

Dr. Deems writes on "My Political Compulsion" in a recent *Christian at Work*.

Prof. McCook's articles on Venal Voting in recent issues of the *Forum* should be widely read by thoughtful people.

*Our Day* for Nov. contains "Africa at the Columbian Exposition," by F. P. Noble and "Aggressive Christianity among Pariahs and Brahmins," by G. F. Pentecost D. D.

Proceedings of the Tenth Republican National Convention, held in the City of Minneapolis, Minn., June 7, 8, 9 and 10, 1892, is a detailed account of the convention, giving lists of delegates, officers, committees, etc., and containing all the speeches in full as reported by T. C. Rose, N. Y., and James F. Burke, Penn., and the letters of acceptance. The book is published by Chas. W. Johnson, Minneapolis, Minn., contains 188 pages, 8vo., and sells at \$1.50, cloth; or \$1.25, paper.

Houghton, Mifflin & Co., Boston, have recently issued "At the Beautiful Gate, and Other Songs of Faith," by Lucy Larcom, 117 pp. 16mo, \$1.00. Full flexible morocco, \$3.00. Many readers of Miss Larcom's poetry have wished for just such a book from her as is here offered, one containing her hymns and lyrics on sacred subjects. She has gathered from the Household Edition of her poems those specially suited for this purpose, which make about two-thirds of the new volume; the remainder never have appeared in book form. Not a few of Miss Larcom's hymns have been printed in American and English hymn-books, for which they are admirably adapted by virtue of their inspiring thought, lyrical quality, and devotional spirit. Indeed, the very essence of faith, hope, and love pervades these poems, and will render them peculiarly welcome and helpful to thousands of thoughtful and aspiring souls. If "fine feeling and pure imagination" characterize true poetry, Miss Larcom is a poet, for her verses are as pure and sweet as those of her late friend Whittier.



that it has been deemed expedient to divide and form two societies. Of these divisions one meets in its old quarters and the other in Prof. Doesburg's room.

The college societies are all flourishing. The Cosmopolitans are all aglow and the Fraternals are alive and earnestly at work.

The week of prayer for young men closes Sunday, Nov. 20, with an address by the Rev. Mr. Birchby. The meetings during the week were held each noon and led by the students.

#### PERSONAL AND ALUMNI.

Gerrit Tysse, '94, has been BOILING for a few days.

W. T. Jansen, '93, spent Sunday, Nov. 13, in Zeeland.

Prof. Kollen returned last week from his trip east.

Rev. W. Moerdyk, '66, has accepted a call to Kalamazoo.

Soulen and Boom are gone but Te Selle's clippers work well.

Rev. Mr. Van Houte conducted the prayer meeting Monday noon.

A. Visscher, '72, was elected prosecuting attorney of Ottawa county.

Gerrit H. Telder, B class, has been absent for a few weeks owing to illness.

H. Van Landegend, '92, is the first student from "Hope" in civil engineering at Ann Arbor.

Mrs. W. H. Gallagher, of Chicago, has been visiting her parents, Prof. and Mrs. C. Doesburg.

John Veldhuis was president of the Columbian Literary Society at the Agricultural college last term.

Kollen and Van Landegend were home from the university on election day to exercise their elective franchise.

Arthur Van Duren, '94, celebrated his birthday on Friday, the 11th inst., with a gathering of several of his friends.

Ferwerda, '96, leads the singing in the Chapel mornings, while Tysse is being harshly dealt with by a boil on his cheek.

Gelmer Kuiper, '89, Ann Arbor, made several Democratic speeches in Ottawa and Kent counties prior to the election.

C. G. Haan, formerly of the '93's after a pastorate of six months at Douglas, Mich., has accepted a call to Port Huron.

Miss Aggie Hofma of Vriesland, a former member of the Senior class was lately married to Lambert DeVries. Congratulations.

Y. Kato, a young man from the Island Empire has come here to study. He studied two years at the Agricultural College, Tokio.

Mr. Boom, we are pained to learn, is having very serious trouble with his eyes. He is debarred from ordinary work as well as study.

At a recent meeting of THE ANCHOR ASSOCIATION, Van Kersen, '94, was elected to fill the vacancy caused by the absence of Vande Erve, '95, and Moerdyk, A class, assistant business manager.

G. H. Albers, '91, was unanimously elected Circuit Judge of the Mich. Club Court at Ann Arbor. This Club Court is the largest in the university drawing a membership of 100.

The Hon. G. J. Dickema has been enthusiastically serenaded on two several nights since his election to the office of Attorney General of the state. THE ANCHOR tenders to him her congratulations.

Rev. A. Pieters, '87, writes to *The Mission Field*: It is our sad duty to announce to you and the friends at home the death of one of our number. Our beloved sister and co-laborer, Miss Carrie B. Lanterman, was called away from us last Saturday, Sept. 10th., after an illness of almost exactly ten days.

"Educators are certainly the greatest benefactors of the race, and after reading Dr. Franklin Miles' popular works cannot help declaring him to be among the most entertaining and educating authors."—New York Daily. He is not a stranger to our readers, as his advertisements appear in every issue, calling attention to the fact that his elegant work on Nervous and Heart Diseases is distributed free by any enterprising druggist.

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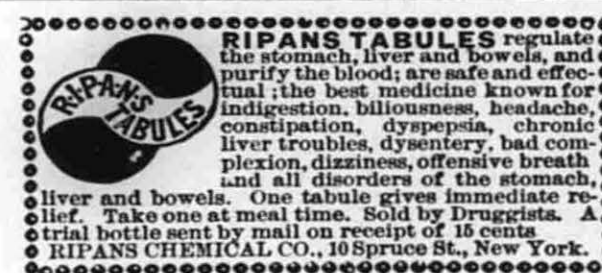
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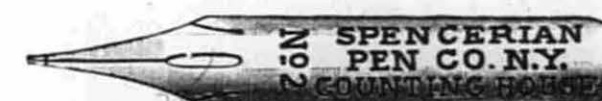
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